

SECRET INVASION™

ABNETT LANNING PELLETIER MAGYAR GURU

GUARDIANS™
OF THE GALAXY



MARVEL®
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IN THE WAKE OF TWO CATASTROPHIC ANNIHILATION EVENTS, THE UNIVERSE IS IN A FRAGILE AND WEAKENED STATE. WITH THE FABRIC OF SPACE ITSELF DAMAGED, ANOMALOUS FISSURES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR, FISSURES THAT COULD CRACK AND SPREAD, COLLAPSING REALITY AND LETTING IN THINGS THAT SHOULD NOT EXIST IN OUR DIMENSION.

GUIDED BY THE MYSTICAL INSIGHT OF THE NEWLY RETURNED ADAM WARLOCK, THE GUN-SLINGING STAR-LORD HAS FORGED A PROACTIVE TEAM OF PROVEN COSMIC CHAMPIONS READY TO PROTECT THE VULNERABLE UNIVERSE AND PREVENT ANY LARGE-SCALE DISASTERS FROM EVER HAPPENING AGAIN. TOGETHER, STAR-LORD, WARLOCK, QUASAR, GAMORA, DRAX, MANTIS AND ROCKET RACCOON ARE THE...

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY



A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION ABOARD KNOWHERE, THE GUARDIANS' REFUGE HQ AT THE EDGE OF SPACE/TIME, HAS CRIPPLED THE TELEPORTATION TECHNOLOGY OF THE CONTINUUM CORTEX, KILLED MANY INNOCENT RESIDENTS, AND REVEALED THAT THE SINISTER SHAPE-CHANGING RACE KNOWN AS THE SKRULLS ARE OPERATING COVERTLY ON THE STATION.

WITH KNOWHERE ON SECURITY LOCKDOWN, AND TRAVEL ON AND OFF THE STATION SUSPENDED, PARANOIA AND SUSPICION HAS SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. FURTHERMORE, THE DAMAGED CORTEX IS BLEEDING LETHAL RADIATION INTO KNOWHERE. UNLESS THE LEAK CAN BE REPAIRED, EVERY LIVING BEING ABOARD WILL DIE.

PLAGUED BY ARGUMENTS AND PERSONALITY CLASHES, THE GUARDIANS ATTEMPTED TO LOCATE THE ROOT OF THE SKRULL INFILTRATION, BUT KNOWHERE'S ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL, LED BY DELEGATE GORANI, ACCUSED THE TEAM OF BRINGING THE THREAT ABOARD. GORANI DEMANDED THAT THE TEAM SUSPEND ITS ACTIVITIES UNTIL THE CRISIS ENDS. OF PARTICULAR CONCERN TO THE COUNCIL IS DRAX, WHO WAS RECORDED MAKING SEVERAL UNAUTHORIZED VISITS TO THE CORTEX PRIOR TO THE EXPLOSION.



STAR-LORD
(PETER QUILL)



ADAM
WARLOCK



QUASAR
(PHYLA-VELL)



GAMORA



DRAX



MANTIS



ROCKET



"WE HAVE DEAD SKRULLS IN THE MORGUE, PHYSICAL PROOF OF THEIR INFILTRATION."

"WE HAVE SECURITY LOCKDOWN AND A POTENTIALLY LETHAL RADIATION LEAK."

"AND NOW A MEMBER OF YOUR TEAM IS OMINOUSLY AND SUSPICIOUSLY MISSING."

"TELL ME, STAR-LORD, IS THERE *ANYTHING* YOU CAN SAY RIGHT NOW THAT WILL IMPROVE MY DIM OPINION OF YOUR SO-CALLED TEAM?"

DECEPTION

A *SECRET INVASION* STORY

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**COUNCIL
CHAMBERS,
NOWHERE...**

IT'S NOT
JUST ANY
MEMBER,
EITHER.

THE
INFAMOUS
DRAX, THE
SO-CALLED
DESTROYER.

I SHARE
DELEGATE
GORANI'S
CONCERN.

MY
LUMINALS
HAVE BEEN
DEPUTIZED TO
HUNT DOWN AND
APPREHEND THE
BEING DRAX
AND--

NO! NO!

DRAX ISN'T
ANY PART OF THIS,
CYNOSURE! HE'S
NO SKRULL!
HE--

I'LL
HANDLE THIS,
QUASAR.

DELEGATE,
WHATEVER
ELSE DRAX IS,
HE'S MY
RESPONSIBILITY.

LET THE
GUARDIANS FIND
HIM. LET MY SO-
CALLED TEAM
CLEAR UP ITS SO-
CALLED MESS.

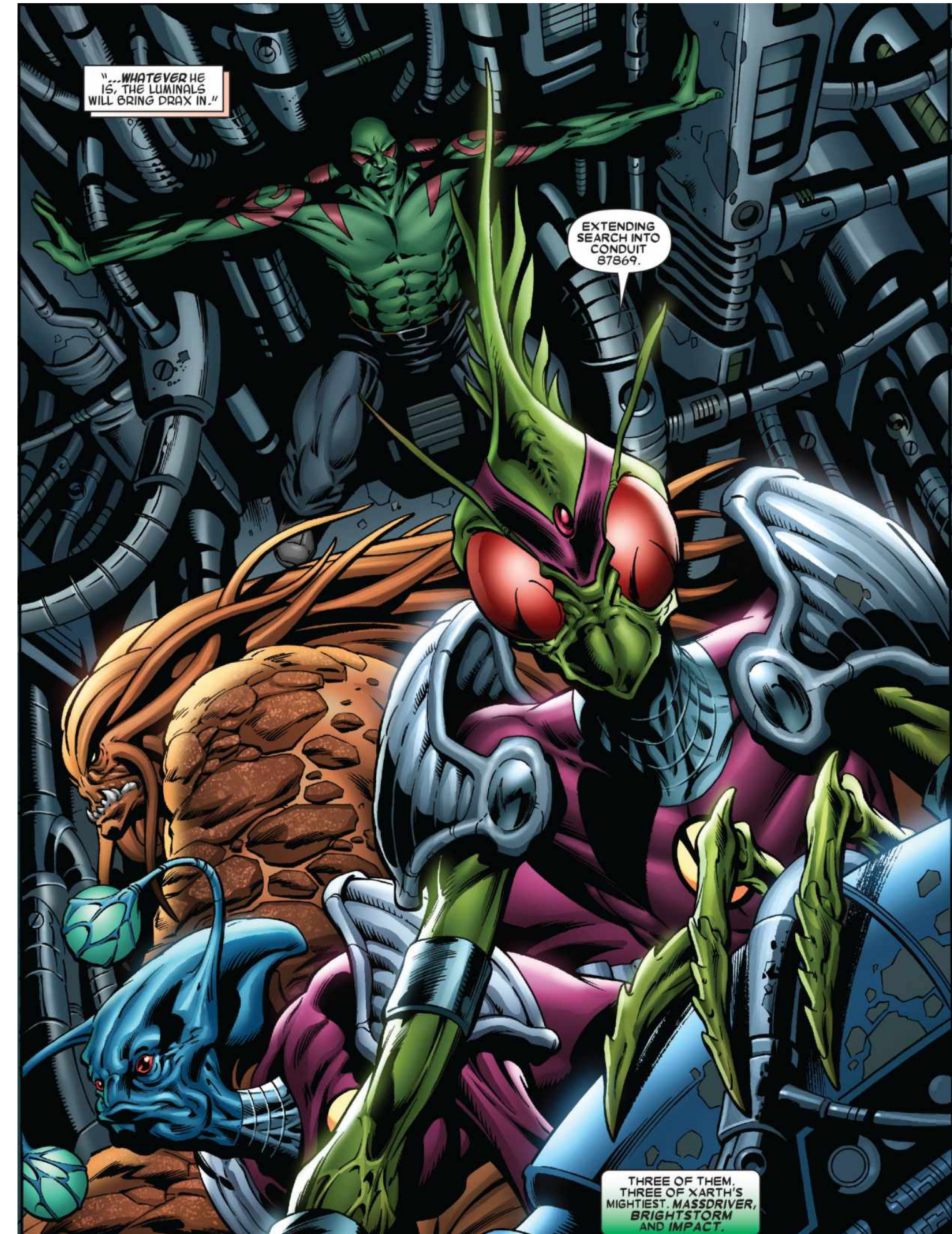
UNACCEPTABLE,
STAR-LORD.

I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT'S
UNACCEPTABLE.

SO YOU
FREELY ADMIT
HE IS DANGEROUS?
EVEN IF HE ISN'T
A SKRULL?

YOU SEND
THE XARTHIAN
LUMINALS AFTER
DRAX MOB-HANDED,
YOU'LL HAVE
BLOOD UP THE
WALLS.

"YOUR SUGGESTION IS
REJECTED, STAR-LORD.
RETURN TO YOUR
QUARTERS AND KEEP THE
REST OF YOUR TEAM
CONFINED THERE..."



"...WHATEVER HE
IS, THE LUMINALS
WILL BRING DRAX IN."

EXTENDING
SEARCH INTO
CONDUIT
87869.

THREE OF THEM.
THREE OF XARTH'S
MIGHTIEST. MASSDRIVER,
BRIGHTSTORM
AND IMPACT.

A POWERHOUSE, AN
ENERGY MANIPULATOR,
AND A FIGHTING MASTER.

I COULD LET
THEM PASS BY...

... BUT THEN I'D
JUST HAVE TO DEAL
WITH THEM LATER.

THEY BROUGHT
THIS ON
THEMSELVES.

BRIGHTSTORM'S THE
ENERGY CASTER, HIGH YIELD
PHOTONIC BLASTS. HE'S GOT
RANGE WITH HIS POWERS, SO
THAT MAKES HIM THE MOST
DANGEROUS, AND THEREFORE
THE PRIORITY TARGET.

EARRGH!

WHAT
THE--

BRIGHTSTORM'S MADE
OF TOUGH STUFF. MY
NERVE-PUNCH PUTS HIM
INTO AGONIZED SPASMS,
BUT HE STILL TRIES
TO UNLOAD.

NYAAH!

HE'S HERE!
DRAX IS HE--
GNNNGHH!

FINE. LET HIM
TURN HIMSELF
INTO A WEAPON.



MASSDRIVER IS ROCK-HARD, BUT SHE FEELS IT. IT TAKES HER OUT OF THE GAME FOR A SECOND...

...LONG ENOUGH TO USE BRIGHTSTORM AS A BODY SHIELD.

PROPHETS!
NO!

IMPACT IS A DWI THEET MASTER OF SIX MARTIAL DISCIPLINES.

BRIGHTSTORM'S RIBS SHATTER, BUT NOT SO LOUDLY AS IMPACT'S SELF-WORTH AS HE REALIZES WHAT HE'S JUST DONE.

THEN IMPACT LEARNS HE'S NOT THE ONLY DWI THEET MASTER IN THE ROOM.



GUUUUH!

MASSDRIVER COMES BACK FASTER THAN I EXPECTED. SHE'S HEAVYWEIGHT. SHE COULD DUKE IT OUT WITH TERRAX AND NOT BREAK A SWEAT.



GHN.

THE POWER IN THOSE ARMS.



EDARRRGHHHH!

BUT THEY'RE STILL ONLY ARMS, AND ALL LIMBS DISLOCATE, IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO SNAP.



NFF!

IMPACT'S ON HIS FEET AGAIN. NO FINESSE, NOW. JUST CRAZY-MAD.

IT GETS UGLY.

GTAH!

THEN IT GETS DONE.

BRIGHTSTORM? MASSDRIVER? RESPOND!

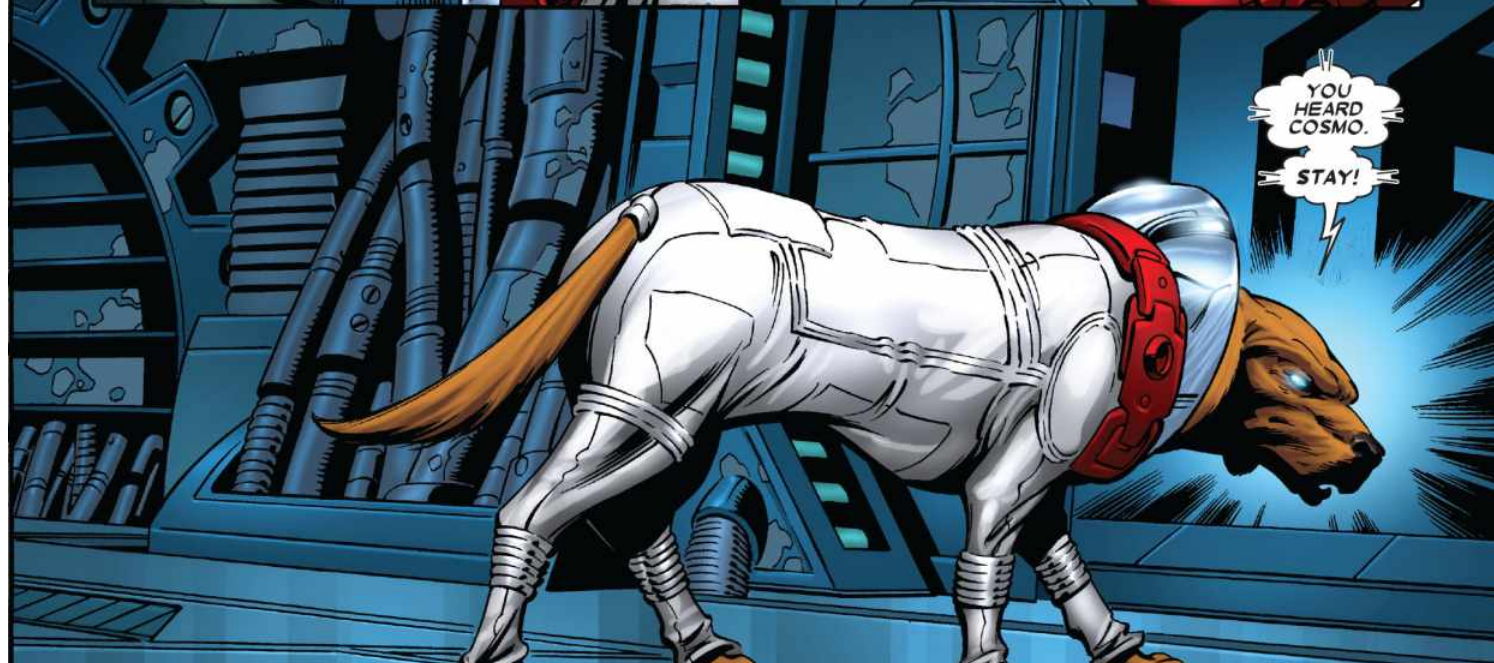
IMPACT? REPORT YOUR POSITION! HAVE YOU MADE CONTACT?

BRIGHTSTORM? WHAT IS YOUR SITUATION?

REPEAT, WHAT IS YOUR SITUATION? BRIGHTSTORM--



GUARDIANS' CONTROL CENTER.





IT'S BAD ENOUGH WE'VE GOT TWO TEAM MEMBERS A.W.O.L.

MANTIS? SEE IF YOU CAN CONTACT ADAM WITH YOUR MENTAT POWERS.

I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF HUFF HE'S IN, I WANT HIM BACK HERE.

YES, PETER.

EVERYBODY ELSE, COOL YOUR HEELS. I NEED COFFEE.





OKAY. THAT'S ONE TICK IN THE PLUS COLUMN. JUST GOT TO HOPE COSMO ROOTS THESE SKRULLS OUT SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.

SOMETHING ELSE ON YOUR MIND, ROCKY?

YOU GOTTA GO CAREFUL... YOU KNOW, PETE?

I MEAN, THIS TEAM COULD UNRAVEL.

HEY, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO WENT ROGUE. OR THE ONE WHO MARCHED OFF IN A MASSIVE STROP.



WE'VE ONLY JUST BEEN PUT TOGETHER, PETE. THE GLUE ISN'T SET.

PUSH TOO HARD, AND YOU'LL BUST THIS TEAM APART FASTER THAN YOU FORMED IT.



I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

NEITHER WILL MANTIS.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

NOTHING.



THIS ISN'T RIGHT.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, PHYLA-VELL.

WHEN THEY INTERVIEWED US, I AS GOOD AS TOLD THE COUNCIL THAT DRAX HAD BEEN IN THE CORTEX WITHOUT PERMISSION.

I DROPPED HIM RIGHT IN THIS.

DRAX DID THAT TO HIMSELF.

IF HE WAS INNOCENT, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN. IF HE'S A SKRULL--

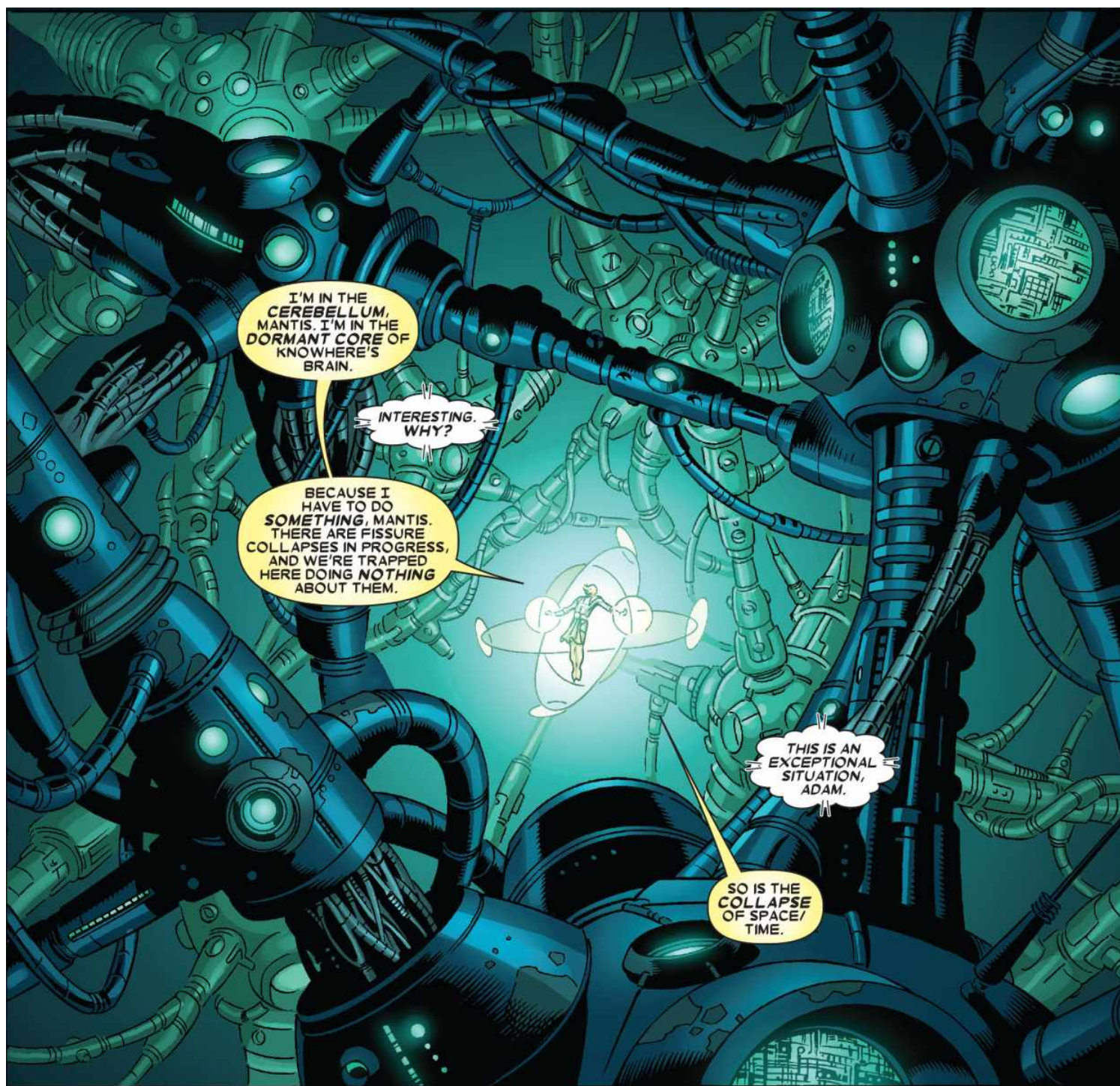
HE ISN'T, GAMORA.

BUT...DRAX AND THE LUMINALS? HOW'S THAT GOING TO END WELL FOR ANYONE?

IT'S GOING TO GET BLOODY.







I'M IN THE CEREBELLUM, MANTIS. I'M IN THE DORMANT CORE OF KNOWHERE'S BRAIN.

INTERESTING. WHY?

BECAUSE I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, MANTIS. THERE ARE FISSURE COLLAPSES IN PROGRESS, AND WE'RE TRAPPED HERE DOING NOTHING ABOUT THEM.

THIS IS AN EXCEPTIONAL SITUATION, ADAM.

SO IS THE COLLAPSE OF SPACE/ TIME.



A REASONABLE POINT.

PETER WOULD LIKE YOU BACK HERE.

PETER IS OUT OF LUCK.

THE GUARDIANS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PROACTIVE. ANSWERABLE TO NO ONE.

PETER HAS TIED OUR HANDS IN WAYS THAT I CANNOT ACCEPT.



I SHOULD TELL HIM THAT'S A "NO," THEN?

TELL HIM I AM TRYING TO RESOLVE THIS CRISIS SO THAT WE CAN RESUME OUR MISSION.

AND CAN I TELL HIM HOW YOU'RE PROPOSING TO DO THAT?



THE
CELESTIAL'S
BRAIN IS
EFFECTIVELY DEAD,
BUT CERTAIN GHOST
FUNCTIONS
STILL FLUTTER.

I AM
ATTEMPTING TO
COMMUNE WITH
THE REMNANTS OF
ITS MIND.

IN THE
HOPE
OF...?

I BELIEVE
THE CELESTIAL
MAY BE ABLE TO
DETECT THINGS
THAT WE
CANNOT.

ESPECIALLY
FOREIGN BODIES
IN ITS OWN
CRANIUM.



LIKE THE
SKRULLS?

ADAM?
LIKE THE
SKRULLS?

YES,
MANTIS. I'M
HOPING
KNOWHERE
CAN FLUSH OUT
THE SKRULLS
FOR US.



I THINK
I'M GETTING
SOMETHING. WE
WILL SPEAK AGAIN
LATER.

ADAM?
PLEASE,
WAIT! AD--



NOW...
WHAT DO YOU
SIGNIFY, I
WONDER?



WHAT
IN PAMA'S
NAME IS
THAT?



HUH.
YOU.

CONGRATULATIONS.
THANKS TO YOUR PRETTY
BRACELETS, YOU
ACTUALLY SNUCK
UP ON ME.

FROM THE
SOUND OF THE
SECURITY CHANNELS,
THAT'S MORE THAN
CAN BE SAID FOR
THE LAST **NINE**
LUMINALS.

WHAT
ARE YOU DOING,
DRAX?



NOT
BEING A
SKRULL,
'CASE THAT'S
YOUR NEXT
QUESTION.

YOU USE
THOSE BANDS
OF YOURS TO
TRACK ME? I
WONDERED IF
YOU WOULD.

DRAX...
THESE LOOK
LIKE SYNAPTIC
DISRUPTOR
CHARGES.



YEAH,
FROM MY
PRIVATE
STOCK.

BADOON-
MADE WAR-
TECH. SIMPLE
AND SWEET.
NEVER RUST.

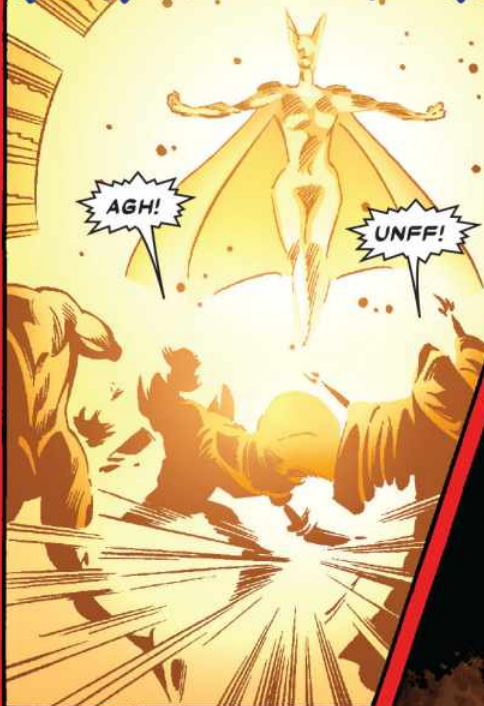


DRAX...
...PLEASE...

...WHAT
EXACTLY
ARE YOU
DOING?



SHHHHK-KOOOON



THIS...THIS IS
STARHAWK?



FTZZ
FTZZ

HOLY
CRAPOLA!

IS IT
ME, OR IS HE
LOOKING A
LITTLE FEMININE
THIS TIME
AROUND?

AND IS
IT WRONG
FOR ME TO THINK
HE'S PRETTY



WHAT DO YOU WANT? ARE YOU STARHAWK?

I AM ONE WHO KNOWS.

THIS SHOULD NOT BE. IT IS FAR TOO EARLY IN THIS ERA FOR THERE TO BE A GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.



THAT BEING SHOULD NOT EVEN EXIST HERE. HE SMELLS OF DEAD UNIVERSES.

TIME'S THREADS HAVE BECOME TANGLED. WE THOUGHT IT WAS SPECIFICALLY HIM, BUT IT CANNOT JUST BE HIM.

IT MUST BE ALL OF YOU.



I DON'T MEAN TO SEEM ANTISOCIAL, BUT MAKE SOME D'AST SENSE, WOULD YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT? AND WEREN'T YOU A GUY LAST TIME?



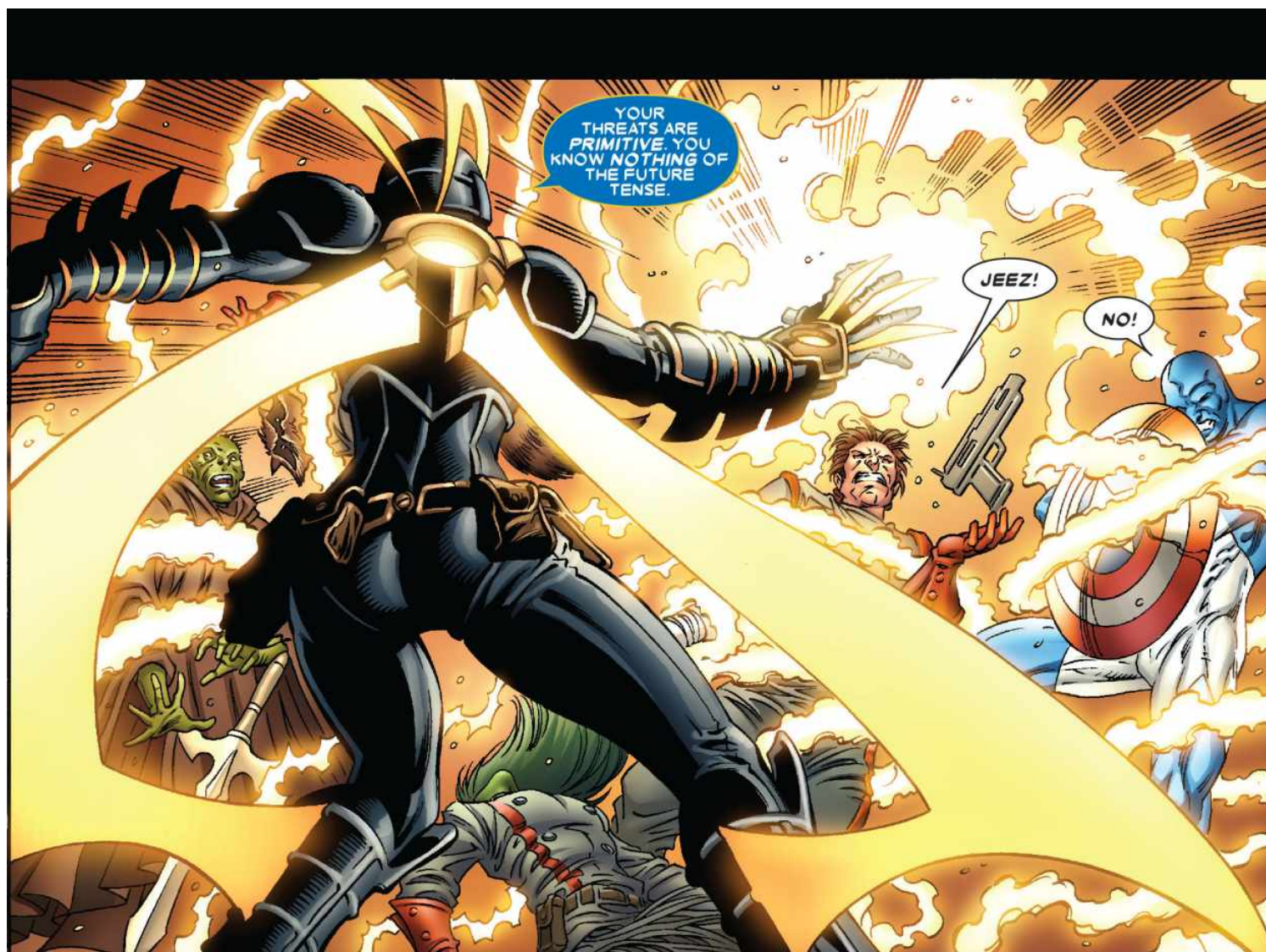
THE FUTURE TENSE IS IN FLUX. EVERY DAY, I WAKE AND FIND I AM SOMETHING NEW.

MALE, FEMALE, NEITHER, BOTH,



OH, I HATE IT WHEN THEY TALK IN RIDDLES.

PERMISSION TO HACK THE TRUTH OUT OF HER?



YOUR
THREATS ARE
PRIMITIVE. YOU
KNOW NOTHING OF
THE FUTURE
TENSE.

JEEZ!

NO!



THERE IS
TOO MUCH AT STAKE.
THE EFFECTS OF THE
ERROR OCCURRING
HERE HAVE SPREAD
TOO FAR, TOO
FAST.

THE FUTURE
TENSE CANNOT
SURVIVE UNLESS DRASTIC
CORRECTIONS ARE MADE.
BELIEVE ME, I AM
ONE WHO KNOWS.

GNNHH!
WHAT? WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



I'M SO
SORRY, FOR
THE SAKE OF
THE FUTURE
TENSE...

...I AM
OBLIGED TO
DESTROY YOU
AND THIS PLACE
ENTIRELY.



DELEGATION HABITAT LEVEL,
NOWHERE.

WE WILL
BE SAFE
HERE?

AS SAFE
AS COSMO
CAN MAKE
THINGS.



THERE IS ALARM?
CONSTERNATION?

IT IS BEINK
BAD TIME. A
SECURITY LOCK-
DOWN.

IT IS BEINK
HARD EVEN FOR
ME TO ACT. MY
PAWS, THEY ARE
TIED.



BUT
COSMO WILL
DO ALL HE
CAN.
COSMO
WILL NOT FAIL
YOU. HE LOVES
YOU.

WE TRUST
YOU, COMRADE
COSMO. YOU HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN OUR
TRUE AGENT
IN THIS.



BAD
DOG.

WHAT?

COMRADE
ADAM. HOW
CLEVER OF
YOU.

I READ
THE CELESTIAL'S
THOUGHTS,
COSMO. I SAW
THIS.

I DIDN'T
WANT TO
BELIEVE
IT.







TALK TO ME, DRAX!

CHNNK

KLKK

BEEP



YOU GONNA **BLAST** ME WITH THEM BANDS, PHYLA-VELL?

YOU GONNA WHIP OUT YOUR QUANTUM SWORD AND **BEHEAD** ME?

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING! YOU'RE SETTING SYNAPSE MINES **THROUGHOUT** THE INFRASTRUCTURE OF KNOWHERE!

WHY?



YOU KNOW THE **BEST** TEST FOR SKRULLS, PHYLA-VELL?

THEY'RE IMPERVIOUS TO SCANNING!

THERE'S **ONE** FOOL-PROOF WAY.



I CAN'T THINK OF ANY.

OH, EXCEPT THEY REVERT TO **TRUE SKRULL FORM** WHEN THEY'RE DEAD.



EXACTLY.



DRAX?
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING? ARE
YOU NUTS?

TRUST
ME. IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO
BE SURE.

I KILL
EVERYONE.
THEN I
KNOW.

HOLY
PAMA! YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
INSANE!

WE GOTTA
FIND THOSE
SKRULLS.

SO
EVERYONE'S
GOTTA DIE.

RIGHT
NOW.

IT'S
BEEN SAID
BEFORE.

MLKWK

